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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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FOR IT'S FAR FROM THE LAND OF YOUR BIRTH?
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EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

A GOOD MOTTO.

And if you want a motto
To aid your pathway through
This life of double trouble
For me as well as you,
Why then I offer this one,
Although it is not new:
It's never trouble trouble,
Until trouble troubles you.

Perhaps you think this motto
Intended for the few,
Who lead a life of pleasure
Far different from you;
If so, you are mistaken,
I say it is not true,
I say you gain by waiting
Until trouble troubles you.

Those troubles in the distance
Though looking dark and blue
May change to other colors,
May take another hue;
At any rate look brighter
Upon a nearer view,
So troubles in the distance
Should never trouble you.

Admitting that your sorrow
Seems all that you can bear,
And thoughts of the to-morrow
Fill you with deep despair;
Why not let hope triumphant,
Drive all your cares away?
The sun may shine as brightly
To-morrow as to-day.

—Yankee Blade.

USES OF RINGS.

Ancient and Modern Significance of Small Bands.

History of Rings from the Time of the Pharaohs to the Present Day—Official Ring of the Romans—Their Various Charms.

From the most ancient time rings have been worn either as personal adornments or as insignia of office. Fingers and toes, arms, legs and feet, necks, ears, lips and noses, all are or have been decorated with this universal ornament.

We read of Pharaoh investing Joseph with a ring when he made him a ruler over Egypt; we read of the men and women of Israel contributing their earrings—part, no doubt, of the Egyptian spoil—to the making of the golden calf. In all times the ring seems to have been a symbol of dignity and authority.

In the early days of the Roman Republic ambassadors wore golden rings as part of their official dress. Later on every free Roman wore one as a right, although some who affected the simplicity of olden times wore iron rings. In more degenerate days the luxurious Romans loaded their fingers with rings, some of the more exquisite dandies even going so far as to have different rings for winter and summer wear. The Lacedæmonians, as became their rugged simplicity, wore rings of iron.

Cæsar mentions gold and iron rings as used in Gaul and Britain for money—a thing customary among ancient peoples, and practiced even in Sweden and Norway down to the twelfth century, as it is now amongst some of the tribes of Africa.

In days when writing was a rare accomplishment, a seal or signet-ring was a necessity to kings and nobles; and such rings were never parted with, even temporarily, save to persons in whom implicit confidence was placed. These rings would pass from father to son for generations, and were, in fact, the signmanual of the head of the house. In "All's Well that Ends Well," Shakespeare makes such a ring the principal turning-point in the plot:

"A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it."

We must suppose that old Jack Falstaff made some pretensions to gentle ancestry in that scene at the "Boar's Head," where he complins of having been robbed during his vinous sleep behind the arras:

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark."

At which old Dame Quickly remarks:

"I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper."

All the old romancers and dramatists have allusions to the customs of wearing and giving rings. When lovers parted they made an interchange of rings. At a betrothal rings were the sign and evidence of troth-plight. In "Twelfth Night," a betrothal is described in the priest's answer to Olivia:

"A compact of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony."

In "Troilus and Cressida," there is reference to the interchange of rings. In "Cymbeline," Imogen, parting with Posthumous, gives him a diamond ring.

"This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife."

Similarly, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Proteus and Julia exchange rings as a pledge of constancy. Even Shylock, that "currish Jew," had, in his youth, wandered into the realms of love's romance. One can not but sympathize with him when, mad with grief and rage for the loss of his daughter and his ducats, he meets with his friend Tubal, who, with other news, tells him:

"One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey."

The poor old Jew replies:

"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

This heartless action of his ungrateful daughter cuts him to the quick, and there is a touch of pathos in the mental torture of the poor, lonely old Jew as he thinks of the gift of his dead wife thus lightly cast to mocking enemies. In the same play Shakespeare makes other references to the customs of his time concerning rings. Portia, as a reward for saving Antonio, demands a ring from Bassanio, who says:

"Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it."

Nerissa also obtains Gratiano's ring, and a nice quarrel arose thereafter, as he explained:

"About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posey was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife: 'Love me and leave me not.'"

These posy rings, as they were called, were at one time very popular, though the posies were not of great poetical merit. We may quote as specimens:

"In thee, my choice
I do rejoice."

Again:

"Constancy and Heaven are round,
And in this the Emblem's found."

Perhaps the most important ring—certainly in the opinion of the fair sex person—is the wedding ring. Ordinarily, a plain gold ring is used; but any ring will do—even the ring of a key has done service before now. It is well known that the second of the three beautiful Gunnings was married with a curtain ring, the impatience of the bridegroom—the Duke of Hamilton—not permitting him to wait till the usual ring could be procured.

The delivery of a ring has always been considered a sign of confidence, of delegation, of power; and hence, in marriage, shows the trust of the husband in his wife, and his investing her with authority in his household. It is also looked upon as a symbol of eternity and constancy.

Some consider that the left hand was chosen to signify the wife's subjection to the husband, and the third finger because it thereby pressed a vein supposed to communicate directly with the heart. The third finger, on account of certain fancied virtue with which it is credited, has always been selected as the one on which to wear official rings. To the Greek and Roman physicians it was known as the medical or healing finger, and was used to stir their mixtures, from an idea that nothing noxious could communicate with it without giving immediate warning by a palpitation of the heart. In some parts of England the ring-finger is supposed to have the power of curing any sore or wound which it streked by it. Also, it is believed that any growth like a wart on the skin may be removed by rubbing a wedding ring upon it.

Among the Puritans there were many who desired to forbid the use of the wedding ring as a Popish and superstitious practice. Butler, in his "Hudibras," refers to this:

"Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb."

When the Venetian Republic was at the height of its power, there was an annual ceremony of marriage between the Doge and the Adriatic. On Ascension day, with much ceremony and rejoicings, a ring was thrown by the Doge into the sea, to denote that as the wife is subject to the husband, so was the Adriatic sea to the Republic of Venice.

So universal has been the belief in charms, and so various the articles that have been used as such, that it is not to be wondered at that rings should be included among them. In the Middle Ages, rings inscribed with the supposed names of the Wise Men of the East who visited our Saviour—namely, Melchoir, Balthasar and Jasper—were believed to act as charms against accidents to the wearer while traveling, as well as to counteract secrecy and to guard against sudden death. They were made of silver and sometimes even of lead cast in a mold, to be sold cheap to the lower orders.

Silver rings are by no means uncommon at the present day, worn as charms against cramp and rheumatism. The use of rings in England, as charms against cramp, dates from the eleventh century.

In Catholic times cramp rings were blessed by the King on Good Friday. Coming in state into his chapel, he found a crucifix laid upon a cushion and a carpet spread on the ground before it. He crept along the carpet to the cushion, as a sign of his humility, and there blessed the rings (which were in a silver basin), kneeling all the time, with his almoner kneeling by his side. After this was done, the Queen and all her ladies came in and crept up to the cross.

Of the romance connected with rings, pages might be written. Both Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes refer to the incident of Dr. Harris, of Dorchester, Mass., who, when a poor youth, trudging along one day, staff in hand, being then in stress of sore need, found all at once that somewhat was adhering to the end of his stick, which somewhat proved to be a gold ring of price, bearing the words: "God speed thee, friend."

A curious anecdote concerning a ring and a walking-stick is given in "Notes and Queries." A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and, passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew the stick, the ring was on the end of it.—Once a Week.

An Appropriate Hymn.

Some time ago a prominent scientist lectured in one of the leading churches of St. Paul, and, in the course of an hour's talk, undertook to show the relation between geology and the Bible. It may be that he was not as clear as was expected, it may be that the arguments of a scientist were too deep for the audience, and still again it is possible that the warm evening produced a drowsiness that drugged the senses of the hearers. At all events, the relationship sought to be established was not very sharply outlined to the audience, despite the number of degrees the speaker has had tacked to his name by institutions of learning, and, as the learned man ceased his discourse, a look of doubt as to just what was the object of the lecture was apparent on the faces of all. While thus in a state of uncertainty the pastor of the church jumped up and announced as the closing hymn: "Nobody Knows but Jesus." The look of doubt vanished as bright smiles beamed throughout the hall, and the hymn was sung with an emphasis.

New English Census.

The questions to be asked by the new English census are those in regard to the name, age, sex, profession or occupation, condition as to marriage, relation to head of family and birth-place of every person who abode in any house on the night of the census day, showing also whether any such person was blind, or deaf and dumb or imbecile or lunatic. The only new question to be put is one recommended by the census committee—namely, where the occupier is in occupation of less than five rooms, as to the number of rooms occupied by him. One particular that was asked for at the last census and is now omitted, in accordance with the committee's recommendation, is the "rank" of each

A TRAGEDY.

Walking up the village street
Came a maiden young and fair,
Tripping on with fairy feet,
Clad in gown of texture rare.

Walking down the village street
Came a gallant debonair;
And he could not help but meet
With the lily maid so fair.

And he whispered, as they passed,
Something is the maiden's ear;
She an instant stood aghast,
Then she screamed aloud with fear.

Seemed the maid as one distraught,
Helpless in her sudden fright—
Shame upon the wretch who brought
Her to such a piteous plight!

Ere you heap upon his head
Scorn unbounded, can you guess
What unlucky words he said?
"Three's a spider on your dress!"
—R. H. Titherington, in West Shore.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

She Edited the Column on Love and Matrimony.

Before the non-committal door leading into the editorial department of a city daily stood a woman whose face plainly indicated painful hesitation and reluctance. Her thoughts cried out almost audibly: "Where is all the courage with which I left home? They will hear my heart beat and think I am knocking, anyway, so I might as well do it. If he is a perfect bear, as they tell me, when at work, he can't do more than eat me."

Then she gathered strength enough to call the attention of a scribbler within, who called out: "Come in," to her feminine rap, as he followed his voice in a dazed fashion from out the heaps of papers, books and dust in which he had been immersed.

To her intimidated request for Mr. Barrows, the editor, he replied: "Oh; you want to see the chief! First door to the right," and sank into oblivion of her presence.

Thus encouraged the intruder acceded to the request to "please knock" on the first door to the right, and was told to "come in" by a business-like voice.

Now that the first awful moment of admittance had passed her spirits rose, giving strength to her purpose and tongue. "Is this Mr. Barrows?" she asked, as the sole occupant of the room rose to his feet at sight of the unexpected and altogether "taking" individual approaching his desk.

"Yes, miss," he replied, "can I do any thing for you?"

Looking straight up at him, with her whole stock of courage to the front, she said: "Yes, sir, you can. I want work. Have you any to give me?"

If she had asked for bread the editor could not have been more surprised, as he looked at the brown-eyed girl whose distinctively feminine and protected appearance and generally well-kept air belied her words. At last he recovered sufficiently to say: "What kind of work do you want? Have a seat and let us talk about it."

"Yes, thank you, I might as well sit down and come to the point immediately. You and I have a mutual friend in Mr. Jameson, the architect. He knew I wanted something to do on a newspaper, and mentioned you as the only editor of his acquaintance. I did not know even as many as one. I am still in my salad days of journalism, as you have probably surmised, never having been in an office, but a good many of my things have been published over my first name—Jean—the last name is Elford—Jean Elford. I wrote only for amusement until my father died two years ago, when I was twenty-one. Since then my mother and I have not found life such smooth sailing. Now, I want some regular employment on a paper, and am willing to begin at the bottom and work up."

Now Edward Barrows was an editor hardened in the ways of feminine applicants for assistance; besides being a bachelor on the wrong side of forty, with the reputation of being what has truly never existed, a woman hater. But the way in which this girl "struck from the shoulder," as he told her afterwards, overthrew his defense at one blow.

"Well, Miss Elford, I shall be glad to do any thing in my power for you, if only for the sake of Jameson. I am surprised at his sending any one to me, considering my reputation for growling when in my den," he added, with a quizzical look.

She laughed and dared to reply: "I must confess you are a surprise to me, for I was assured that it would be taking my life in my hands, this interviewing you about newspaper work."

The veteran glanced at himself in an advertising mirror hanging on the wall, wondering if he had reached his dotage to like such impudence from a stranger.

In a few words he explained to her the hardships of such a life; the army of volunteers enlisting in the war of words for bread every day; and finally that he had no vacancies on his paper; moreover, he knew nothing of her capabilities as he had never happened to come across articles signed "Jean." "But because I know nothing of you is no sign you can't write," he put in as a sugar plum after a bitter pill. "Although I can do nothing for you permanently, if you will send me something you have done perhaps I could publish an article now and then or help you to a place in some other office."

After which she could do no more than be grateful for crumbs and rush home to get up something fine in her very best style for the bear that did not growl.

In their small apartments up-town Jean found her mother, who had been left in the dark in regard to this venture for fear of discouraging opposition. The mother conjectured that events were in the air from the cyclonic entrance of Jean, ordinarily as dignified as a boyish face and exuberance of life would permit.

"Mother, mother, here I am!"

"Have you gone through the fiery furnace without a singe?"

Mrs. Elford's amazement increased as Jean described the whole scene. She indulged in a laugh, which atoned for many things, when, after asserting that Mr. Barrows was good-looking and distinguished if he did wear glasses and had a stern mouth, in a tone of conical resignation Jean sighed out: "But I suppose he is married, as are most of the nice men one meets."

"Remember, daughter, that these particularly nice married men have, in the majority of cases, been made so by the companionship of good wives. You will have to turn some ugly duckling into a swan some day."

"Never! Momsey; I'd rather be a spinster *all* my days than take some callow youth to raise," was the energetic response.

So Jean sent the editor a sample copy of her "wares," which he deemed worthy of publication. Some correspondence, ostensibly on business, ensued and along toward Christmas time he secured her work on another paper, which proved good practice if not very remunerative.

One snowy night mother and daughter were settled in their cheery little parlor for a quiet evening of pen-scratching and reading. The door-bell announced a caller. Jean, on opening the flat door, saw a man covered with snow, carrying a bundle of books. Following out her first thought that it must be a belated book-agent, she was about to refuse him admittance when a more comprehensive glance revealed Mr. Barrows, who somewhat nervously said: "Good evening, Miss Elford; I have brought you some books which need reviewing. How are you at that kind of work?"

Overcoming her surprise, she asked him in, said something about his kindness in coming such a bad night, and, before they quite realized it, he was presented to her mother and drying off before the open fire. Arrangements were made about the book reviewing, followed by a few moments of general conversation, after which he took leave as suddenly as he had appeared, remarking that he was on his way to a bachelor dinner given monthly by a dozen friends of that order of misanthropists.

"Your new friend seems to partake somewhat of the nature of a whirlwind, Jean," said Mrs. Elford after the door closed upon the departing surprise.

"Yes, mother; but what is more astonishing I verily believe he is an old bachelor after what he said about the dinner. It is fortunate I did not know that when I went to see him, for the halo of a supposititious wife and family around him softened my horror of asking a favor of a strange man."

Between the time of the first call and the summer Mr. Barrows found considerable business attracting him to a certain quiet up-town flat. Occasionally the ladies found themselves at the theater or opera, followed by a dainty supper with the acquaintance whose entrance into their lives had been as abrupt in every particular as the conspicuous characteristic of a man.

During the winter Mr. Barrows talked of going abroad in June. Whenever the subject was mentioned Jean experienced an unaccountable emotion of anticipated regret, for, notwithstanding the disparity in years, they seemed to be wonderfully congenial.

One fine May day our young "literary lady," as her mother dubbed her, was standing rapturously gazing into the windows of a florist on Broadway where "Jacque" roses and violets were piled in masses of fragrant beauty. A voice over her shoulder asked: "Which will you take?" She turned and saw Edward Barrows looking down at her through glasses which failed to hide the glow of admiration in his keen, gray eyes of something—she supposed the flowers, as she knew his passion for nature's beauty spots.

He insisted upon getting her a handful of roses, and then walked on down the street enjoying the blue sky, salt breeze, and the bright faces of the multitude on promenade in their new spring clothes.

Jean asked her companion how soon he expected to sail.

He replied: "I am not sure enough yet to engage my passage."

Then in his abridged fashion, suggestive of the blue pencil, he almost jerked out: "Miss Jean, I wish to enlarge my staff."

"Do you?" she innocently asked, thinking perhaps a place would be made for her.

"Yes," he replied, "You came to me last fall for a position, but I had nothing to give you. Since then I have begun a new column called 'Love and Matrimonial Affairs.' Will you edit this new venture?"

He enjoyed her puzzled look for a moment then continued in a low, earnest tone: "This is no place to tell you, Jean, that when you struck out from the shoulder that day in my office you broke down the door of my heart which had been bolted for years; but I have to do things when the spirit moves in order to succeed, and success I *must* have or give over the greatest happiness of my life. What do you say, Jean?"

She had not known herself before, but the last few moments had taught her much. She looked at him with a smile and replied: "I thought editors only employed old and experienced hands for regular employment."

"That means that you will undertake the work, dearest?" he asked in a whisper, as they mounted the stairs to the elevated road.

"I'll consider and send you a telegram or postal as to my conclusion; or, perhaps you will come out to-night for a verbal reply," she flashed back as she stepped aboard the train.

Well, Mr. Barrows' trip abroad was deferred until October, when his new staff assistant, the editor of the column on Love and Matrimony, bore him company.—Anna Farquhar, in Detroit Free Press.

Don't Fool with Perspiration.

Considering all that has been written and published about sun-stroke, and the danger that arises from a dry, non-perspiring skin, it is really amazing how many people call for preparations to prevent perspiration. There are several of these, and they are all effective, the main ingredient in each being the same. The effect is not only to stop perspiration wherever the preparation is applied, but also to increase the temperature several degrees and seriously injure the skin. Ladies, of course, use such complexion preservers more than men, but there are not wanting young men who, to keep up a spotless appearance, will subject themselves to annoyances and take dangerous chances. The only legitimate manner to check perspiration is to keep quiet and avoid excessive exercise.

A Vegetable Wonder.

A remarkable vegetable or horticultural curiosity is to be exhibited at the next State fair in California. Several weeks ago a grape-vine growing in close proximity to an apple tree was found to have a bloom similar to those on the tree. Finally a handsome apple has developed, which will be exhibited as above-mentioned as proof of an abnormal growth which seems to be natural grafting.

AN OPTIMIST.

I likes der biggest peaches on der top,
Der leedle ones all out of sight below;
I likes der finest pictures in der shop
All shtuck up in der vinders in a row.
I likes der dark-green watermelon rind
Turned up, der yellow outer coat of
A shtreet parade mit limping teams behind
Und der slifer-blated harness in der light.

I likes to seen der goods along der shtreet
Mit awful cuts in prices on dem plumed;
It makes me laugh dot soda-fount to meet
Und buy fife cents a glass for shweetened wind.
I likes to seen der ice-cream colored pink,
Der butter colored yellow like der gold,
Und vhen der circus lemonade I drink
I likes to shut mein eyes unt call it cold.

Vot's der use of going pack of der returns?
Der vorld itself vas hollow down below,
But der surface of it only me concerns,
Unt I'm better for dose dings I do not know;
Efferypody tries to show his best outside,
Unt I dank him for his efforts me to please,
Unt der pelief unt varnish he has used to hide
Dot weather-peaten side dot nature sees.
—A. T. Worden, in Judge.

STORM-TOSSED.

The Perilous Voyage of Harry LeMar on Lake Ontario.

One fine June day in the year 1879 a young couple might have been seen strolling through a grove of magnificent beech and maple trees toward the shore of Lake Ontario. They were engaged lovers, and their names were respectively Harry LeMar and Bessie Corbett.

The young couple were both residents of the city of Rochester, and were down with a party of ladies and gentlemen from the city to enjoy the cool lake breezes for a time.

Harry was a handsome young fellow of six-and-twenty, a little too quick-tempered, perhaps, but a good fellow withal, and thoroughly devoted to his betrothed.

Bessie was a handsome, vivacious girl of twenty, kind and considerate as a general thing toward others, with one exception; when it interfered with the gratification of some personal pleasure then Bessie was decidedly selfish.

As her parents always indulged her every whim and wish from childhood she had not improved any with years.

The day was not very warm, as there was a good breeze blowing on shore, but when they got down to the beach they found the big waves were rolling high.

They had come down for the purpose of going around a point, which ran out a couple of hundred yards into the lake, in a boat, and then rowing back into a little inlet or bay where some handsome water-lilies grew, which they had observed the night before. Finding the water so rough Harry said:

"I do not think we had better venture out on the lake to-day, but wait for a time when the weather is calmer. I am not much of a sailor, as you doubtless know, and a bath in the lake with the waves running high might be rather dangerous."

"Now, Harry, you know there is not a bit of danger in going around there; you only refuse to go to spite me for flirting with Ed Brooks, that's all."

"No, Bessie, you are mistaken; I never play the baby act. I do not consider it safe to go around that point in the present wind. While one might make it safe enough, it might also end in disaster."

"A truce to your fears, Harry," she replied; "I will flirt twice as bad with Brooks to-night if you don't row me around that point."

"You may flirt with him all you choose," replied Harry. "But I will not imperil your life and my own for the sake of satisfying a whim."

"You may call it a whim if you wish," she retorted half angrily, "but if you will not row me around, I can and will go alone, and I don't think you will let me do that."

Angered more by her manner than her words, he hotly replied: "No! I will not even let you go at all. If you are determined to have the flowers I will go alone, to show you that it is not physical fear which deters me. But I can see no reason in the venture."

"Who gave you authority over me to restrain me from doing any thing I wish?" and she started toward the boat.

"No, you shall not do this!" he exclaimed, and, stepping before her and giving the boat a push from shore, he leaped into it. Seizing the oars, he plied them vigorously, and, as the water was not so rough near the beach, made good progress.

He glanced back once at Bessie, standing on the shore looking after him with an expression half of anger, half of sorrow on her face.

Already she was commencing to repent the hasty words that were causing him to venture out in the boat. As he neared the end of the point the water grew rougher and rougher, till it required all his strength and skill to keep the boat from turning with the wind and waves.

Slowly he forged ahead, and had nearly rounded the point in safety when one of his oars snapped in twain. His boat whirled sharply around and commenced to drift with the waves, and he was powerless to prevent it.

The wind was blowing a stiff gale directly toward the Canadian shore, and Harry saw the beach, where Bessie still stood watching after him, fast receding from view.

Bessie saw that something serious had happened, and that her lover was powerless to return to the shore.

She bitterly repented her rash words and stood there watching the fast receding boat, all the time her terror increasing. Finally, when it disappeared from her view in the distance, she ran shrieking to the cottage where she was stopping, declaring to her astonished friends that Harry was dead, and she was his murderess.

When her friends heard of the accident which had befallen Harry, they had but little hopes of ever seeing him alive again; still for Bessie's sake they tried to make matters appear as favorable as possible.

As for Bessie, she was half crazed and sick with grief and remorse, and the hastily summoned physician expressed grave doubts of her retaining her wits should the young man be lost.

In the meanwhile Harry was steadily driven out on the bosom of the deep. He fully realized the peril of his position.

His boat was a frail one, and, besides, somewhat old, so that it was liable to founder any moment and leave him at the mercy of the waves.

In anticipation of such an event he removed his coat, vest and boots, so as to be incumbered as little as possible.

There were several pieces of rope in the boat and he fastened them to his body so that he could use them to bind pieces of the boat together in case it should founder, and thus make a rude raft, which would assist him greatly to keep afloat. He was kept quite busy bailing out the frail craft with an old tin pail, which happened to be in the boat.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when he commenced his perilous voyage, and it was with no little anxiety he saw the sun go down, and wondered if he should ever see it rise again.

It seemed to him that the long weary hours of darkness would never pass, but at last it began to grow light in the east.

He had eagerly hoped that daylight would show a vessel near him, but he vainly scanned the horizon in search of one.

The wind veered suddenly after daylight and blew him and his little boat westward up the lake.

He was wet to the skin with the flying spray, and the heat of the sun as it rose proved very welcome to him.

All day he drove before the wind without seeing any ship, and night found his little ship apparently as sound as when he embarked in it.

The second night was one of weary watching and laboring to keep the boat from swamping.

The wind shifted again in the night and blew from the west driving him back toward the east.

Daylight came at last, but found no ship in sight.

The wind began to blow hard and soon had raised to a perfect gale.

He was almost worn out with fatigue, exposure and hunger, and he felt that he would be unable to hold out much longer.

Suddenly the little boat, which had weathered the storm so long, went to pieces, and he found himself struggling in the waves.

He was an expert swimmer, and by hard work he managed to keep afloat and lash together two of the largest pieces of the wrecked craft with the ropes he had saved. Clambering up on this rude craft, he found to his relief that it would sustain his weight, and that it was much easier to cling to it than he had supposed it would be.

Life seemed doubly dear to him, now that its continuance appeared so uncertain, and he determined to struggle to the last with the elements for an existence.

The afternoon was half gone when his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a sail bearing directly toward him from the west.

How slowly it seemed to him the vessel approached, and his mind was filled with the fear that she might take off in some other direction before he was seen.

But she came steadily on till within about a half a mile, when they saw him.

The ship came as close to him as it could, and then lay to while a boat was lowered.

Joy and hope had taken the place of despair in Harry's heart when he saw that his rescue was certain.

The men soon had him in the boat with them, and then the reaction came and he fainted.

Kind hands lifted him to the deck of the vessel and carried him below, where he received every attention which the men could give him.

The vessel was bound for Oswego, only fifteen miles from where they picked Harry up.

The next morning the ship dropped anchor close to the shore, and Harry, after bidding his kind rescuers good-bye, went ashore.

They had fitted him out with clothes on the vessel, not so good or so nice a fit as those he was accustomed to wearing, but still very acceptable.

He lost no time in hastening to the depot and taking the first train to the village near where they were camped, nearly sixty miles away. He reached there that evening, after an absence of three days.

His father who had been telegraphed to and had come down, had given his son up for lost, and was about to return to the city to break the news as gently as possible to his wife.

When Harry came back alive and well he was welcomed as one returned from the dead.

He had thought he would treat Bessie a little cool for her language of a few days before, but when he learned that she was sick in bed and half crazed with grief over his supposed loss, love overcame his anger and he hastened at once to her side. His return did more than all the doctors in christendom could have done for her, and in a few days she was as well as ever.

A month from the day of Harry's return a grand wedding took place at the home of Bessie's parents, in Rochester, and she became Mrs. Harry Le Mar.

The lesson Bessie learned in those few days of agony was a bitter one, but her whole future life was better for it.—W. L. French, in American Tribune.

Johnny Comes Marching Home.

Five years ago little Johnny Hale, then a lad only eight years old, was stolen from his home, near Marion, Ind., by a band of gypsies. The distracted parents spent several years trying to find traces of their missing boy, but gave up the search, mourning him as dead. The lad became attached to his gypsy friends and followed them on their pilgrimage through the Western States. The other day a boy—none other than Johnny Hale—stopped at the residence of a farmer named Joseph Weikel, living near Elkhart. His clothes were ragged and he had the appearance of a boy tramp. He told Mr. Weikel that the gypsies with whom he had been making his home had maltreated him and that he had run away, hoping to find his way home to his father and mother. The parents at Marion were telegraphed, and the boy mourned for dead for five long years is to be restored to them.

Oddities of Language.

In a recent lecture a professor of languages, in commenting on the difficulties foreigners had to overcome before they could master our language, made mention of the following philological oddities. The letter c changes lover into clover, d makes a crow a crowd, k makes eyed keyed, g changes sun into song, l transforms a pear into a pearl, s changes a hoe into a shoe, t makes bough bought, and w makes omen

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 14, 1890.

THE Democrats have a majority in Congress without counting the solid South.

ON Thanksgiving Day, the Democrats throughout the country will have much to be thankful for.

THREE hundred Chinamen were blown to fragments one day last week at the China government mills for the manufacture of powder.

IN Beaver county, where the Republican majority is generally about twelve hundred, Dick Quay, son of Senator Quay who was a candidate for Assembly, pulled through by a bare majority of 116.

THE full Democratic State ticket is elected in Illinois, together with 14 of the 20 congressmen. The legislature is also Democratic, which will insure the election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate.

THE State Commission appointed to survey a ship canal route between Lake Erie and the Ohio river at or near Pittsburg, has decided to recommend such an improvement. The canal may be made in the distant future.

JACOB STEEL of Nicholson township, Fayette county, aged 106 years, voted, last week, for Pattison for Governor. He has voted for every Democratic Presidential candidate from James Madison to Grover Cleveland.

GOVERNOR PAGE of Vermont, Republican, has surprised a wide circle of politicians by appointing Herbert F. Brigham, the opposing candidate on the Democratic ticket, chief of his military staff, with the rank of colonel. It is, indeed, a great year for Democrats.

THE South Dakota legislature is a tie, and the chances are good for a Democratic or Alliance Senator instead of Moody, Republican. The prospects are fair for Democratic Senators from New Hampshire and Minnesota. In New York, Wisconsin and Illinois Democratic Senators are certainties.

THE Democrats completely revolutionized the "Old Bay State." They elect the Governor, Russell, by about 10,000 majority, and all State officials, and gain 5 Congressmen. The delegation to Congress will stand 7 Democrats and 5 Republicans. Massachusetts has done nobly for the party of the people.

LEADING western and New England Republican journals are demanding in double-leaded editorials that the McKinley tariff law be revised and the heavy duties modified. They claim that the McKinley law is not in keeping with the party promises in 1888. Instead of increasing it should have reduced tariff rates.

TWELVE years ago the German Government—a mighty powerful corporation—undertook to abolish the Socialist party. As a result of a persecution, where there was one Socialist at the outset there are now ten. The party has become so strong that the Government has been obliged to recognize it as a political element too powerful for repression,

ON Friday last H. H. Bengough, of Pittsburg was appointed Pension Agent at that city, to succeed William A. Barclay, who was the Democratic candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs. Senator Quay had been urging the appointment of General Silas M. Bailey, of Fayette county, and the appointment of Bengough, is an indication that the star of Quay is on the decline with Harrison's administration.

PROFESSOR KOCH, a German physician, who claims to have discoverd a cure for consumption has dismissed as absolutely cured several patients whom he has been treating for consumption. His son-in-law, Dr. Pfuhl, promises that the method of treatment will be made public within three weeks. He says the method is not exactly of the nature of inoculation. He asserts it cures lupus quickly and surely.

IN his Thanksgiving proclamation President Harrison, says the Boston *Post*, asks the people of this country to remember the poor. Would it not have been better if he had thought of them when, by the sanction of his signature, he gave the force of law to a measure which has put up the price of everything that the poor man consumes, and thus added a new burden to his poverty? Recent events, however, will give the poor man a bright ray of hope, and for this he will be devoutly thankful.

THROUGH the mass of election returns, says the Chicago *Times*, it is clearly seen that the intelligence of the country condemns the sophistry by which it is sought to maintain the Protection system, and is prepared to persist in the struggle to secure both branches of Congress, as well as the Executive Department, to the end that the United States shall have rational, not barbaric commercial laws. The outcome of the Congressional elections is a happy augury for the Presidential campaign of 1892.

GREAT fears is expressed says the Pittsburg *Post* by some of the Republican papers in the Twentieth district that Edward Scull's majority of 181 over Thomas H. Greevy may not prove a serious obstacle to the unseating of Mr. Scull by the next Congress. The wicked run when nobody was chasing them. It is not three months since Mr. Scull voted to unseat an Alabama Democrat who had a majority of 13,000. Mr. Scull will have no ground to complain if he should get a dose of the same medicine he helped give to others. It is a long lane that has no turn.

AN Associated Press reporter called on ex-President Cleveland in New York the day after the election and asked him to give an expression of opinion on the results of Tuesday's election. Mr. Cleveland said: "I am delighted. I challenge the right of any man in the country to rejoice more heartily than I, over the result of Tuesday. My gratification is that of an American citizen proud of his fellow-countrymen, who, though led away for a time by party prejudices and by blind confidence in cunning and selfish leaders could not be deluded to their ruin.

They have demonstrated that in dealing with them it is not safe to calculate that they are stupid or heedless of the welfare of their countrymen. The necessity of tariff reform with its consequent reduction in the cost of living and the duty of the Democratic party to advocate it has been fully demonstrated by action of the people Tuesday. Their decision has been deliberately made, and it is all the more significant because they have voted upon their reason and judgement, and because they have proved that corruption is powerless as against their convictions. Of course their is nothing for the Democratic party to do, but to push on the battle at all times and in all places on the lines which they have laid down—that is to insist upon wise adjustment of tariff taxation to the reasonable needs of the government as opposed to the plan which enriches a favored class at the expense of the masses of the people. Until the victory is won the question of tariff reform will not be settled nor pledges and professions of the Democratic party to the people redeemed.

Our party has made an honest and earnest fight. It has planted itself upon disinterested and unselfish devotion to the interests of the people. Its absolute unity and harmony upon the question of reform shows its quick recognition of true Democratic principles and its enthusiasm in a cause which involves the popular welfare everywhere. Our people have done magnificently, and the harvest they have gathered has been nobly earned.

WALL street, New York, was on the verge of a panic on Monday, money was almost unobtainable and failures imminent. London prices for American securities cabled over showed declines of from one to 2 below the closing prices of Saturday. Money rates were high in London and an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity was reported. When the market opened there was a rush to sell stocks at any price. In the first ten minutes prices of active stocks had declined from 1 1-2 to 3 per cent. The excitement on the Stock Exchange was tremendous. It seemed almost impossible to find buyers, so greatly was public confidence shaken by recent developments here and in Europe. The banks and trust companies, sharing in the general fright, began to call in loans and within half an hour the Stock exchange was bare of money. The streets were full of brokers, rushing about to obtain loans to make good their margins, which were vanishing at a terrible rate. Several failures were reported and one broker fell dead on the floor of the Stock Exchange from appoplexy. At present confidence seems to be somewhat restored and fears for a financial panic averted.

IF the next Presidential election, says the New York *World*, should be thrown into the House the Democratic candidate would be successful.

In the next House the Democrats will control twenty-eight States—that is, in each of the Congressional delegations of these States the majority is Democratic. The Republicans will, in the same way, control fourteen States. Two States, California ond Rhode Island, are tied. But there will be another election in the latter State, when it is probable that the Democratic candidate will win. This would make the count stand 29 to 14, as each State would cast one vote for President, its character to be determined by the majority.

It is a long time since the Democrats controlled a majority of the States, and the Republicans are now attempting, through a fraudulent census in the South, to make their opportunities even fewer than they have been. This year the popular verdict is so overwhelming that even the fradulent census would not stand in the way.

THE Democratic City Committee of Philadelphia, at a meeting on Monday night expelled Peter Monroe and Willis Iam McMullen, the Democratic leaders in the Third and Fourth wards, for alleged treachery to the party at the recent election. These wards are Democratic strongholds and form a part of the Third Congress district, in which Congressman Richard Vaux ran against William McAleer, the regular Democratic nominee, and suffered defeat. The Fourth ward, which ordinarily shows a Democratic majority of 1800, gave only 55 plurality for Pattison for Governor, whereas McAleer had a majority of 1,731. McMullen is charged with being responsible for this discrepancy. Monroe is said to have exerted the same influence on the vote in the Third ward.

THE Democrats, says the Baltimore *Sun*, who will come into control of the next House of Representatives, cannot forget the lesson of Tuesday's election, for it applies as strongly to them as to the defeated party. What is a rebuke to the Republicans may also be construed as an admonition to the Democrats to stand by fair play, to uphold the freedom of debate, to recognize the rights of the minority, to take no vengeance. Moderation in dealing with opponents, even though they have shamefully misused you, is the manly course for all who are worthy of success.

FIVE hundred million dollars are taken from the farmers each year by a protective tariff and transferred to the pockets of a few thousand protected manufacturers.

The Majority in the Senate.

At the beginning of the present Congress the Republicans had a majority of two in the United States Senate. This they promptly increased to ten by the admission of four new States, the two Senators from Montana being stolen from the Democrats by the old returning board plan. This year they admitted two more pocket States, further increasing their majority to fourteen. No one supposed that there was any possibility of disturbing the Republican control of the Senate thus obtained for six years at least.

But popular revolutions move quickly, and last Tuesday's elections have changed the outlook materially. Not only has it become very probable that the Democrats will gain control of the Senate in two years more, but the Republican majority in the Senate of the coming Congress is actually reduced to what has been or can be stolen.

It is apparently settled that Democrats will be chosen this winter to succeed Evarts, of New York; Farwell, of Illinois; Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Ingalls, of Kansas. This will reduce the Republican majority in the Senate to six. The Democrats have elected a majority of the Legislature in New Hampshire and in South Dakota, but in the former State the Republicans have announced their intention of having the roll made up to give them a majority, which they will, of course, take care to maintain, and in the latter they seem to be repeating the Montana trick to tie the Legislature. If they succeed in this, they may prevent the Democrats electing, as they are entitled to do, successors to Blair and Moody. If so, they will have a stolen majority of six, or of four if they succeed in one case and not in the other. If they fail in both their majority will be reduced to two—the stolen Senators from Montana.

That the people have a way of resenting such thefts is forcibly shown by the election in that very State. The Democrats of Montana have elected their Congressman and secured a Legislature, beyond the power of returning boards to count them out. This makes likely the choice of a Democratic successor to Senator Sanders two years hence, while in New York, Rhode Island, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Nebraska, where Senators will be elected to succeed Republicans in 1893, the current now is certainly running in favor of the Democrats, who will not have to secure more than two or three of these States in any event to obtain control of the Senate with the beginning of the next Presidential term.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the unmistakable sentiment in the West that was clearly foreseen by such men as Plumb, Paddock and Pettigrew, it is quite safe to set down the Senate of the next Congress, though still nominally Republican, as in accord with the House in opposition to the monopoly tariff of 1890.—*Phila. Times.*

A Wild Glare at McKinley.

Major McKinley admits his defeat, but regards the result as "a signal victory." A majority of over 2,900 last year was reduced to about 280 this year. There is a little exaggeration in this. The 2,900 he speaks of was the majority given to Campbell, when was abnormally large owing to the Republican dissatisfaction with Foraker. The district went Democratic in 1888 about 2,000. The Democrats held their own this year in Holmes, Wayne and almost in Medina, and McKinley's gains were due not to his bill but to his personal popularity in his own county of Stark.

But does Major McKinley think the fact that he was defeated by only 280 majority is a compensation for the loss of the House of Representatives by 140 majority; of three or more Senators, and of a dozen State Governors and legislatures? Is it compensation for the fact that the State and Congressional apportionments of New York, Michigan and Wisconsin will be gerrymandered by the Democrats? These are a few of the political evils wrought by Major McKinley's bill. Let him look beyond the bounds of his county, survey the entire National field, and then say whether he is satisfied with the result of his work. If so, Mark Tapley was not a circumstance to him for being jolly when any one else would be miserable.—*Chicago Tribune.* (*Rep*)

Pennsylvania's Vote.

Some slight changes are discovered in computing the official count in the several counties, bringing the plurality of Pattison, Democratic candidate for Governor, up to 17,258. Watres, Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, has 18,675 plurality, and Stewart, Republican, for Secretary of Internal Affairs, 19,120 plurality. The official returns from all counties show the election to Congress of 17 Republicans and 11 Democrats.

For the State Senate 20 Republicans and 16 Democrats were elected, which, with the hold-over Senators, will give the new Senate 30 Republicans and 20 Democrats. In the lower branch of the Legislature, there will be 122 Republicans, 80 Democrats, and 2 Fusionists, making a Republican majority of 50 on joint ballot a Republican joint ballot loss of 52, as compared with the present Legislature. The new Legislature will elect a United States Senator to succeed J. Donald Cameron, whose term will expire March 4, 1891.

Holled down an Enbankment.

LEBANON, PA., Nov. 12.—The 12:55 P. M. passenger train going west on the Reading railroad jumped the track one mile east of Annville, and was thrown down a 12-foot enbankment. Three passenger cars and a baggage car were turned over on their sides, and although the train was crowded, no one was killed. Only seven persons were hurt and all slightly, except Benjaman Kerniel, conductor, and Frank Poliask, baggagemaster, both of Reading, who were badly crushed but not fatally injured. The engine broke loose from the train and remained on the track. All the injured were sent on their journey in a later train.

An Alarming Statement.

COLUMBUS, O., November 11.—An alarming statement comes from a farmer that hogs throughout Ohio were dying with cholera and many of them being dressed and put on the market as fresh pork. A Columbus butcher states he had refused to handle fresh pork until the disease had disappeared. At the State board of agriculture Secretary Bonham states that the epidemic of cholera among hogs had been reported from various parts of the State, and especially in Franklin, Darke, Butler, Preble and Athens counties, where the Swine were dying in large numbers.

A Scrap of Paper saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and now is strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For further particulars send stamp to W. A. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Benjamin Feels Rocky.

WASHINGTON, November 11.—President Harrison is teetering. He has become seriously alarmed during the last week, and he is trying to make up his mind whether he shall cast his lot with Blaine and come out squarely for reciprocity, and make that the battle cry of the next campaign, or whether he will stick to McKinleyism and force the party to make still one more campaign on a high protection basis. The statement comes from a very reliable and entirely trustworthy source that the President is wavering, and is half inclined to go with Blaine and send an outspoken message to Congress this session on the subject of reciprocity; but his natural suspicion and the cultivated fear which he has of Mr. Blaine make him pause, and he is not likely to commit himself until the return to Washington of McKinley, Senator Spooner of Illinois, Allison of Iowa, Hoar and some others.

But whatever happens Mr. Blaine expects to profit from it, and certain evidences are already discernible that he perfectly understands the drift of public sentiment. If the President is won over toward reciprocity, and that becomes the corner stone of the Republican policy this winter, it will be Mr. Blaine, and not President Harrison, who will, in consequence, become the central figure.

If the McKinley wing of the party can hold the President in line Blaine still remains a good deal the master of the situation. There is a deep feeling here that a good deal of the defeat is directly attributable to Harrison, because of his obstinacy, self-sufficiency and intolerance of advice. It is the consensus of opinion in Washington that if the nominating convention was to be held to-morrow Blaine would be the nominee hands down, and that Harrison would not be heard from.

Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, November 9.—The following proclamation has been made by the President of the United States:

By the grace and favor of Almighty God, the people of this Nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year, which has been full of the blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty. Bountiful compensation has come to us for the work of our minds and of our hands in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of the present month of November, to be observed as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, and I do invite the people upon that day to cease from their labors, to meet at their accustomed houses of worship, and to join in rendering gratitude and praise to our beneficent Creator for the rich blessings He has granted to us as a Nation and invoking the continuance of His protection and grace for the future. I commend to my fellow citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless, and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity and the gracious accept ance of our praise.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done in the city of Washington, this 8th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifteenth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President.
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

Stock Market Fluctuations.

The recent uneasiness in the stock market concerns but the few who dabble in stocks. The railroads and other corporations whose stocks came down with a rush are doubtless to-day just as reliable and earning just as big dividends as they were before the panic seized the New York Stock Board. They will keep on paying expenses and laying by a little sum for dividends just the same as they were doing before the flurry.

These stock fluctuations are due almost entirely to a fierce struggle for existence among the brokers. Without the least shadow of an excuse some of the big operators will get together, and, by throwing big blocks of certain stocks on the market, crush out the smaller traders. Then during the squeeze, down goes house after house, and the bears who have hugged the bulls into a collapse laugh gleefully at the crash they have caused.

A stock panic soon rights itself. Whether the run lasts but a few days or a few hours reason is bound to assert itself. The stock which has been hammered down or forced up soon returns to its proper level, and the brokers once more settle down to evolve some scheme as to how to cheat the other fellows.—*Phila. Herald.*

Pensions.

WASHINGTON, November 8.—The report of the Commissioner of Pensions was made to-day. It shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, Pension Agent Barclay dispensed $4,606,939.21 to pensioners, and that the total expenses for his office were $4,000 salary for himself, $8,586,76 for clerk hire and $5,000 for rent. The report shows the following pensioners in each county in Western Pennsylvania:

Allegheny, 2,599; Armstrong, 759; Beaver, 655; Bradford, 1,582; Butler, 907; Cambria, 495; Cameron, 119; Clarion, 904; Clearfield, 598; Crawford 874; Elk, 115; Erie, 1,184; Fayette, 744; Forest 29, Indiana, 658; Jefferson, 618; Lawrence, 477; McKean, 406; Mercer, 667; Pike, 65; Potter, 510; Somerset, 775; Tioga, 1,243; Venango 462; Warren, 419; Washington, 531 Westmoreland, 878.

THE Washington correspondents seem to think that Pension Commissioner Raum will be shortly bounced from office because of the scandals developed during the recent congressional investigation of his department. It is asserted that President Harrison decided several weeks ago that he must make one more change in the pension office, but it was not thought expedient to call for Raum's resignation during the political campaign. Now, it is said, the commissioners resignation is more likely to be announced before the close of the year. The President may find it necessary to appoint ex Pension Commissioner Black, who served during President Cleveland's administration, in place of Raum, in order that the affairs of the office may be honestly managed. —*Harrisburg Patriot*

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hopes that they may attain its boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guranteed that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, kidneys and stomach. Sold at 50c and 100 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A WHEAT blockade is feared in the Northwest. It will take 58,000 freight cars to move the crop of the Red River Valley.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long and by 120 feet in breath.

—The largest gold coin, both in circulation and value, in the world is the golden "loof." The coin is in circulation in Annam, and may be termed the "manna" of the East, as its value is $325.

—There are few such common sense proverbsas "every man is the architect of his own fortune." Appius Claudius, a Roman censor, used it in a speech delivered by him 450 years before the Christian era.

—Birds are the only animals, besides man, which can be taught distinctly to articulate and utter sentences, which, though of course not understood by the birds themselves, are none the less surprising to listen to.

—It is not so long since that bod carriers were regarded as unworthy of the notice of bosses. Things have changed, at least in St. Louis, where hod carriers get $3 a day for eight hours, while carpenters receive only $2 80 for the same time. The hod carriers organized and had the courage of conviction.

—A Jonesboro woman goes on record as the champion "home body." She has just visited the home of her childhood for the first time since her marriage, thirty years ago, although she has lived during this time only one mile distant, and has always been in harmony with the families there. She says she never had time to go without neglecting her duties.

—At Roundhouse, W. Va., on Saturday, James A. Burnett, a white man, while driving a team, had a narrow escape from being run over by a locomotive and had some words with George Lindsey (colored), the engineer. Burnett drew a revolver, when Lindsey jumped from the engine and seized him. Burnett fired and when Lindsey fell shot him three times, killing him.

—Early on Sunday morning a beef train east was running past Port Royal tower, when the engine jumped the track and went crashing through the tower. The operator saved his life by jumping, but the fireman of the engine, a young man named Longacre, was caught and instantly killed, the body being removed to Harrisburg. The wrecked tower was one of the finest on the road, it being built and furnished as a model on the plan of which others were to have been built.

—Every peace officer in Young county, Texas, is in jail, having been indicted by the United States Grand Jury for participation, either actively or passively, in the famous mob which assaulted the jail to hang three murderers. The trial of three members of the mob is now going on. Twenty-five United States Deputies guard the jail, but the town is full of determined citizens armed with Winchesters, who say the United States Court may convict, but their neighbors shall not suffer the penalty. A riot will be precipitated by a conviction.

—The little village of Sciota, in Monroe county, whose citizens were supported by tanneries, will soon be deserted, because of the winding up of that industry. The Kirstler tannery, the leading one of the place, has been in operation for forty-eight years, and its close will end the tanning in that county. The business failed to pay because of poor transportation facilities. Then, too, the lumbering industry in the pine swamp has declined, and bark on hand will have been finished, and then all the employees will go to Elk county, where the Kirstlers are building a large tannery.

—Noverto Griago was executed in the State penitentiary at Canon City, Col., at 6 o'clock last Friday evening for the murder of W. C. Underwood, at Trinidad last June. The execution was the first one to take place under the new law in that State requiring the sentence to be carried out within the walls of the prison and prohibiting the State press from publishing an account. The State press, however, disregarded this clause in the law. The hanging was guarded so well that it was after midnight before it became known outside the walls. The murderer made no statement and his neck was broken by the fall.

—John Murphy, a harness maker, living at Rocky River, near Cleveland, O., attempted to cross the river on the high bridge of the Nickel Plate railroad on Saturday morning. When half over he saw an express train coming. The bridge is long and Murphy knew that he could not reach the opposite bank ahead of the train. Ninety-two feet below him was the river, and a jump meant almost certain death. Seeing there was no chance to hang from the side of the bridge, Murphy took the desperate chance of jumping. He went down like a flash and disappeared in the river. A bathhouse keeper had witnessed the leap, and at once put out in a boat. Murphy soon arose to the surface. He was taken into the boat, and, strange to say, was injured but little. His side was bruised and a watch in his vest was smashed flat.

Resolutions of Respect.

Resolutions expressive of the sense of of Highland Lodge No. 428, I. O. O. F., Ebensburg, Pa., on the death of David J. Evans, a late member of said Lodge.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from among us by death our worthy brother, Past Grand David J. Evans, therefore we offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That by his death this Lodge has lost a faithful, true and devoted member—one who was always present at our meetings, faithful in all his obligations and kind and courteous to all of his acquaintances.

Resolved, That as we bow in sumission to the Divine Will in the decease of our brother, we are admonished of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and that it should be our duty to be prepared to meet the summons whenever it may come.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the children of our deceased brother in their bereavement and sorrow.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, the charter of the Lodge be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days. Also, that these resolution be published in our town papers and a copy be handed to each of the children of our deceased brother, and the same be transcribed upon the minutes of the Lodge

WM. R. HUMPHREYS,
C. T. ROBERTS,
THOS. J. JAYISON, } Com.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Secretary.

STRAY COW.

Came to the residence of the subscriber in Portage township, Cambria county, on or about the 25th of October last, a red cow with right horn broken off, about five years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

JEREMIAH BURKET.

Portage, Nov. 14, 1890.

STRAY HEIFER.

Came to the residence of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township on or about the 8th of September last a stray red and white heifer, 2 years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

GEORGE F. RAID.

Allegheny township, Nov. 14, 1890 3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of John A. McMullen, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same shall present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. R. McMULLEN,

Administrator of John A. McMullen, dec'd.

Loretto, Nov. 14th, 1890.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

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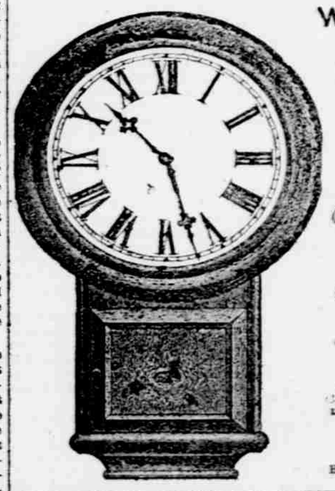

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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

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My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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—DEALERS IN—

General .·. Merchandise,

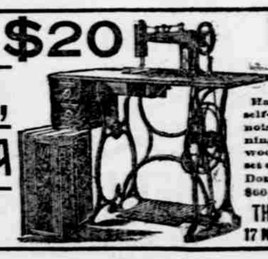
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

ONLY $20 HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



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Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO.

17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

Duff's Mercantile College.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application.

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THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To clean tombstones. To renew oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To polish knives. To scrub floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To clean dishes. To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth. Engineers to clean parts of machines. Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Surgeons to polish their instruments. Modistes to renovate old chapeaux. Chapists to remove stone stains.
Confectioners to scour their pans. Grocers to clean the Scotch herring. Grocers to sharpen their knives.
Mechanics to brighten their tools. Barbers on brass and white horses. Shipowners to scour old rusty hats
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink. Artists to clean their palettes. Bill posters to brighten their arms.
Painters to clean off surfaces. Wheelmen to clean bicycles. Housekeepers to clean paint.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

LADIES

Are you reckless enough to [illegible] two cents in stamps to [illegible] 539 and 540 Washington [illegible] one of their beautiful "Birthday Books." It is a novelty in printing work to every person [illegible]

On receipt of ten cents [illegible] send postpaid a full size [illegible] hold game Verbena.

For ten cents they will also send a complete words of [illegible] its most popular songs, [illegible] chromo cards.

QUINEPTUS

A very pleasing, harmless [illegible] compound for disguising the taste of [illegible] other bitter drugs, either [illegible] Cinchona, see Pint Bottle. [illegible] physicians in Europe and [illegible] countries every where. [illegible]

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ROYAL VINEGAR ELIXIR

An elegant English [illegible] for bilious, malarial and [illegible] fault of over twenty [illegible] scientific research.

Approved by the highest [illegible] Those in the hospitals [illegible] Especially helpful to [illegible] ple of sedentary habits. [illegible]

Entirely vegetable. Free from [illegible]

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Chemists by appointment to the [illegible] Queen and the late Royal Family.

NEW YORK BRANCH

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ROYAL PILLS.

Some medicinal properties [illegible] horse, so plan to [illegible] for it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR

Vinegar Bitters CORDIAL.
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The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Ever [illegible]

The past fifty of a Century in the Family Medicine of the World.

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This out, telling where you saw it, and sending 50 to stamps, or postal note for sixty cents, to the WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O., you will receive the Weekly Bee for a quarter, postage paid, till January 1st, 1891. The Bee has 8 large pages, 8 columns each, making one and one quarter miles of reading matter in a year. It is one of the best general Weeklies in the United States. It has all the News, great stories, Household, Farm, Sermon Notes, Fun, Fashion Hints, Puzzles, Tales, Biddies, Bee, Talmage's Sermons, Market Reports, Science and Friction, Clean Jokes, and premiums to gathers up of those who show your wisdom. Address, BEE, Toledo, O. Register letter. The Weekly Bee.

STRAY NOTICE.

Came to the residence of the subscriber in Allegheny township on or about the 1st of September last a stray red and white heifer, one year old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

GEORGE F. RAID.

Allegheny twp., Oct. 7, 1890.

H. H. MYERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Office in Colonade Row, on [illegible]

DONALD E. DUFFUS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Office in Opera House, Centre [illegible]

Job work of all kinds neatly and [illegible] Office. Give us a call.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 14, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Miss Nene Roberts, of this place is visiting friends in Kane, McKean county.

—Mr. Joseph Gutweald of Cresson, formerly Bursess of Ebensburg, was in town on Monday.

—D. H. Myers, Esq., and Phil G. Fenton, Deputy Register and Recorder, were in Hollidaysburg on Sunday.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Sauer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—The most valuable metal in the world is said to be gallium, which is worth $3,250 per ounce. Calcium brings $1,800 a pound and curium $1,920 per pound. Gold is worth $240 a pound.

—It is estimated that 100,000 tourists spent the season in Maine this year, and that they expended for transportation rates and board $6,600,000. This is a rich harvest for the Pine Tree State.

—The people of Ebensburg who fail to pay their school tax before the last day of the present month will find five per cent. added thereto after that time. If you wish to save that amount, pay up.

—For sale.—One of the coslest six-room houses with lot 140x160 feet, having all necessary outbuildings, etc., and all in good repair. Will be sold cheap. Call on or address the editor of the FREEMAN.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Furs! Furs!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, grey fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and hides.

—The State Board of Pardons at a meeting held at Harrisburg on Wednesday night, refused a rehearing of the case of the Nicely brothers, of Somerset county, who have been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Farmer Umberger.

—Miss Teresa, sister of Mr. J. W. Kilgallon, editor of the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, died on Monday of last week from typhoid fever, and about eighteen years. The deceased was a highly esteemed young lady and her death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

—Mr. John A. Schwab, of Loretto, on Wednesday of last week while taking a pump out of an artesian well, had one of his hands badly crushed in consequence of the pipe breaking, when the pump struck his hand, amputating one of his fingers at the first joint.

—Harry Marsh, confined in jail under sentence of death for the murder of Clara Shoop, published a confession in the *Vindicator*, of Gallitzin, last week. The confession agrees substantially with the evidence given on the trial and throws no new light on the case.

—A eight-year-old daughter of Mr. Jude Stone, of Blacklick township, while playing in the meadow on Sunday last fell and broke her leg near the thigh. Dr. Davison, of this place, was sent for who reduced the fracture and the little girl is doing as well as can be expected.

—Daniel Harding, a young man aged nineteen, employed by the Cambria Iron Company as a brakeman was thrown from a train by the cars jumping the track, on Friday evening, at Johnstown, and received injuries which resulted in his death, shortly after the accident happened. The deceased was a son of a widow woman of that city.

—Miss Catharine Stella Kelly, of Altoona, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. George A. Cole, in that city, on Tuesday, aged 21 years. The deceased was the youngest daughter of Thomas and Marcella Fagan, formerly of this place. The remains of the deceased were brought to this place on Thursday morning and interred in the Catholic cemetery.

—Just as we go to press Superintendant Leech received word from Hon. Geo. R. Wendling that he has been summoned to testify in a civil suit in Washington, D. C., on the 26th and can not possibly be in Ebensburg next week. It is a great disappointment. Mr. Leech has telegraphed for Mr. Burdette. If he can not be secured, some equally good man will take his place.

—There are few aches that are as painful as earache. One of the best remedies is to take the heart of an onion (a red one is the best) and roast it. When soft, so it can be handled without mushing, put it into the affected ear as warm as can be borne. Unless the cause is deeper seated than ordinarily, the pain will soon cease and not return. The remedy is simple and worthy of trial.

—From the Adrian *Guardian*, a paper published at Adrian, Nobles county, Minn., we see in the election table published that J. A. Kennedy was elected at the late election Register of Deeds for Nobles county. The many friends of John in this county congratulate him on his success and the people of Nobles county in having in Mr. Kennedy an upright, faithful and competent official.

—The Messrs. Driggs Brothers at their new steam grist mill in this place, are turning out a very fine quality of flour. They have the roller process and manufacture flour that will compare favorably with any in the market, and we believe cannot be excelled. It is only necessary to convince yourselves of this fact to try it as we have done. Buy a sack of their flour and you will have no other.

—Mrs. Letts, wife of Mr. T. W. Letts, editor of the Carrolltown *News*, died at the residence of a married daughter in Penfield, Clearfield, county on Saturday, November 1st. The deceased, besides a large circle of devoted friends, leaves a bereaved husband and seven children, two of whom are married, to mourn her her death. The cause of Mrs. Letts' death was typhoid fever which she contracted while on a visit to her daughter at Pennfield.

—On Thursday night of last week a fire originated in an outbuilding used as a kitchen on the farm of Mr. Adam Rudolph, in Allegheny township, and had made such headway before its discovery that it had burned to the ground. It was with difficulty that the house occupied by Mr. Rudolph was saved. The loss is estimated at about $200 with no insurance. The origin of the fire is a mistery as there had been no fire in the building for several days.

—A desperate fight occurred at a late hour on Tuesday night at Latrobe, between John Frisby, an employee of Booth & Flinn, and Officers McCormick and Barnhart. Frisby had indulged freely in liquor and became very disorderly. Officer McCormick attempted to arrest him, when the latter pulled a razor and slashed the officer over the face, making an ugly gash. Officer Barnhart then came upon the scene, and he, too, was terribly cut on the face. Saxman, finding himself overpowered, pulled a revolver and shot Frisby in the right side inflicting a wound which may cause his death.

—A dispatch was received this (Thursday) morning by Superintendent Leech from Mrs. A. R. Reed, who arrived at Portland, Oregon, on Wednesday morning, where her husband has been lying seriously ill with typhoid fever for several weeks past. The dispatch says Mr. Read is very low but improving.

—A horse belonging to a Philipsburg man was killed the other day in a singular manner. The animal was indulging in a series of playful plunges and jumps, while tied in his stall, and at last made a leap and came down on a hitching post at the rear of his stall. The post ran into the abdomen so far that it had to be sawed off in order to release the horse, and when the post was pulled out the entrails gushed out.

—It is pretty generally believed that John Eicher, the well driller, who was thought to have been struck and killed by a train at Huff City, Sunday night, was murdered, robbed and thrown upon the track. His sister says he had about $50 and a valuable watch when he left home in the afternoon, but when the body was found the watch and all the money, except about forty cents were missing. An investigating will be made by the Coroner, in hopes that the mystery may be cleared up.

—Mr. James McHugh, residing in Munster township, two miles south of Munster on the Wilmore road, will offer at public sale on Thursday, November 27th, 1890, at 9 o'clock, A. M., two work mares, 1 three-years-old colt, 1 fresh cow, 6 young cattle, 10 sheep, 2 shoats, 2 milch cows, harness, wagons, 1 buggy, mowing machine, hay rake, corn sheller, cutting box, plows, harrows, 2 sleighs, cider mill, household and kitchen furniture and a large variety of farming implements and other articles too numerous to mention.

—The statistical statement just received from the Department of Public Instruction shows the number of school districts to be 2,326. There are 22,265 schools, 10,750 graded schools, 119 superintendents, 8,382 male and 16,111 female teachers. The average monthly salary of the former is $39.86, and of the latter $30.04. There are 965,440 pupils, the average attendance being 682,541 and 7.83 is the average school term. The total cost of tuition is $6,937,689.97, while the estimated value of school property is $85,435,963. As compared with the year previous, there has been a general increase in everything relating to salaries, graded schools, number of pupils, etc.

—On Wednesday evening of last week while Mr. Josiah Brant, who lives on a farm on the outskirts of the town of Somerset, was in his barn feeding his stock in company with a farm hand, they were attacked by a party of five masked men who demanded Mr. Brant's money. On Mr. Brant's refusal they set upon the two men with clubs, beat them over the head and in the scuffle a lantern was overturned and exploded, setting the barn on fire, when the outlaws beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Brant and his farm hand succeeded in getting out all the live stock and some few farming implements were saved by men who arrived on the scene shortly after the fire started, but the barn and crops were burned. The loss is a heavy one and no insurance.

—On Thursday morning news was brought to town that two fine horses, the property of a Mr. Miller, of near Layansville, four miles west of this place, were stolen from his barn and that a liberal reward was offered for their return and the capture of the thief or thieves. We have been unable to get any additional particulars of the theft, or the exact name of the farmer who has sustained the loss. Some persons hereabouts believe the thieves to have been a part of the gang who attempted to rob Mr. Josiah Brant, in his barn near this place, at an early hour that same evening. It is a great pity that the thieves have not been taken before this, because every day that they are free gives them a better chance to make good their escape.—*Somerset Democrat.*

—Peter Stiffler, a quiet, easy-going fellow, lived in Bedford county with his wife and one child. On election morning Mrs. Stiffler made up a straight Democratic ticket, put it into Peter's pocket, and instructed him to march to the polls and vote for Mr. Pattison and honest Government. Peter went, but fell into the hands of Republican hustlers and was induced to make up and vote a full Republican State ticket. Then he went home. Mrs. Stiffler found her ticket still in the vest pocket where she had put it and charged Peter with acting in bad faith. The husband related the facts. Then the irate woman said he was no husband of hers and not worthy the name of man. Opening the door she told him to go forth and never to return and helped him out. He went away sadly and told the story with tears in his eyes.

A Fatal Leap.

Harvey John, a man about 35 years of age, living at Sang Hollow, was instantly killed by jumping from the west bound way passenger train, when nearing Conemaugh Furnace on Tuesday afternoon. John was under the influence of liquor at the time of his death. He boarded the train at Johnstown for Sang Hollow, and when within 200 yards of the station he was noticed by the passengers to leave his seat and start for the door. Brakeman Duncan started after him and caught him just as he reached the platform of the car. He wrenched himself loose from the brakeman and plunged headforemost from the rapidly moving train. The unfortunate man struck on his head, crushing his skull in a horrible manner. The train was immediately stopped and when they reached him it was found that he had been killed instantly. His body was removed to his home at Sang Hollow.

Appointment of a Judge.

On Tuesday Governor Beaver appointed A. V. Barker, Esq., of this place, President Judge of this county, made vacant by the death of Judge Johnston. As the appointee, of course, would be a Republican, there were no Democratic aspirants for the position at this time, the candidates being Mr. Barker and George M. Reade, Esq., both of Ebensburg. As the longest Republican pole would knock the persimmon, we presume Governor Beaver, after measuring the poles, concluded that Mr. Barker's was the longest. The appointee will serve until the first Monday in January, 1892, when he will be relieved by a Democrat. It may be proper to say that Mr. Barker is a gentleman of ability and will fill the duties of the office without fear or favor. His commission arrived to-day (Thursday.)

Communication.

CAMBRIA TWP., Nov. 10, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman;

SIR:—I wish to convey to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity and also my neighbors the heartfelt thanks of my father and myself and family for the great assistance rendered in hunting for my mother on Sunday last. Their generous and successful assistance will long be grate fully remembered.

JOHN ROSENHAMER.

School Report.

Following is the report of Trexler's school, No. 1, for month ending November 7th. Felicitas Randall, teacher:

Number enrolled during month, boys, 16; girls, 21; total, 37. Average attendance, 24; per cent. of attendance, .69. Pupils perfect in attendance: Elmer Will, Daniel Storm, Blanche Storm, Cora Litzinger; Flora Will, Mary Wilber and Clemmie Will.

Lost in the Woods.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Rosenhamer, an old lady aged eighty-two years, the wife of Martin Rosenhamer, left her home in Cambria township in the morning and at noon did not return. It was thought by the family that she had gone to some of the neighbors as was her custom, but when evening came without her return the family became alarmed and started out visiting the neighbors' houses in quest of her. On reaching the house of Mr. John Good, about two miles from the Rosenhamer residence and about a mile and a half from Ebensburg, it was found that the old lady had been there for dinner on Thursday, leaving there shortly after and going towards her home, part of the way being on a road through the woods. All day on Friday and Saturday the Rosenhamer family, assisted by the immediate neighbors, hunted through the woods and fields in search of the old lady but without success. On Saturday evening John Rosenhamer came to town with the news of his mother being lost and requesting all who could to go out and assist in the search. On Sunday about one hundred and fifty men and boys went out and starting at the pike near Berg's old mill, formed a line about twenty feet apart and marched through the woods. Some one of party came upon the old lady's hood, and it was thought she would be found, but on coming out at the other side were unsuccessful. The men were retracing their steps to the pike for the purpose of moving on and making another march through. In the meantime Dr. T. M. Richards and several others drove out for the purpose of assisting in the search, and starting in the woods near where the hood had been found, went but a short distance when Dr. Richards found Mrs. Rosenhamer lying on the ground apparently dead. A revolver was fired off to announce the fact of her discovery and call in the searching party. On feeling the old lady's pulse it was discovered that she was still living, and after some liquor was poured down her thoat, she revived, and was carried to a carriage and taken home. There had been a misty rain on Saturday, the woman's clothing was soaking wet and it is wonderful that she survived. After being taken home she was put to bed, a physician summoned and after some time recovered consciousness, but was weak and unable to give any intelligent account of her wanderings during the three days and nights spent in the woods. Mrs. Rosenhamer died on Monday evening and on Wednesday morning her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at New Germany, in Croyle township.

Wreck of a Two-Horse Team.

About 11 o'clock this forenoon, says the Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday, a wagon and two horses fell from the temporary bridge over the north abutment excavation at the Franklin street bridge into the pit. The wagon caught on the bridge and the edge of the embankment and was supended there. One of the horses immediately dropped to the bottom of the pit, a fall of twenty feet. The other horse hung for a minute or so by the harness and then also dropped to the bottom of the pit. The derrick was put into operation as soon as possible and the second horse was raised to the surface. It was not much injured and was taken at once to the stable. The other horse was also, after considerable trouble, raised to the surface, but it was found to be so badly injured—its back having been broken—that it had to be killed. A pole ax was used in the execution. The wagon was pretty badly used up.

The outfit was the property of Mr. John Carroll, the well-known teamster. Curtin Gardner was driving at the time of the accident, and had a narrow escape from accompanying his team into the pit.

The wagon was loaded with household goods. In driving over the bridge a hub of the wagon caught on the bridge, and, when Mr. Gardner attempted to disengage the hub, the horses began to back and backed too far, with the result above stated.

Correspondence.

ST. AUGUSTINE, PA., Nov. 12, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman.

SIR:—We are under obligations to the talented young correspondent who so ably supplied our place last week while we were at home helping to elect Pattison.

By the way we were, if we mistake not, the first writer in Pennsylvania who advocated the renomination of Pattison, claiming that he would poll 50,000 more labor votes than any other candidate that could be pitted against Delamater, in answer to Harris, the thick-and-thin Wallace correspondent of the Altoona *Times* from Tyrone, but in the absence of the senior editor, the paragraph was killed.

From the movements of a certain defeated candidate for the office of County Superintendent at the late convention, we infer that the Superintendency bee is still buzzing in his bonnet, and would respectfully say to the Directors of the county that if any of the late contestants has declined or is likely to decline to serve the people in the capacity of Superintendent when the time comes, we have yet to hear of it.

The first local institute of Clearfield township convened in the room of the High School in St. Augustine on Saturday afternoon. The proceedings were instructive and entertaining.

The principal of our schools is billed to deliver a lecture on "The Civilization of the Future" in Charles Quinn's hall, Gallitzin, on Saturday evening, November 15th, at 7 o'clock. Everybody should hear it.

The next local institute will be held in St. Augustine on Sutarday, December 13th.

J. M.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Geo. D. Mitchell,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents, Box 253, Washington, D. C. Clerk Senate Pension Committee for last 7 years. If you like PROMPTNESS write me. Glad to give advice. oc31.6t.

To the People of Ebensburg.

We believe that the Teachers' Institute Entertainment this year will far excel anything of the kind ever given in Ebensburg. We will stake our reputation on Wendling and the Boston Ideal Club, and guarantee they are worth more than the price of a Season ticket. Wendling is considered a finer orator than Conwell. If Hall and Koehne are only half as good as they are recommended to be by persons who have heard them, you will be very sorry if you should fail to hear them. They are rising stars on the platform. All have been selected with the greatest care and we promise you a rare treat each evening.

We urge everybody to get a Season ticket. It entitles you to a Reserved seat each evening at the average cost of 37½ cents. If you cannot attend every night, hand it to some one else. It is transferable. We have made the rates as low as we possibly can.

Monday, November 17.—Hon. Henry Hall.—"The Coming Man."

Tuesday, November 18.—Boston Ideal Bajo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Wednesday, November 19.—Hon. Geo. R. Wendling.—"Saul of Tarsus."

Thursday, November 20.—"Ghosts."

TERMS.

Season ticket (with reserved seat for each evening)	$1.50.
Season ticket (without reserved seat)	1.00.
Single admission (reserved seat)	.50.
Single admission	.35.

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Season ticket (without reserved seat	$ .75.
Single admission (without reserved seat	.25.

Chart of seats at James' Drug Store will be open for selection of seats at 7.30 A. M., each day except Monday, when in order to accommodate those who come from a distance, one-half of the board will open at 10 A. M., and the other half at 1 P. M.

The people of Ebensburg have already shown that they appreciate and will patronize a good lecture course. We feel grateful to you for past support and will always try to merit your favor by deserving it.

The day sessions are always open and free to all. We will have some of the best instructors in this country with us all week and we not only invite you but urge everyone who is interested in the cause of education, more particularly the parents of our boys and girls, to attend every day.

You are deeply interested in the welfare of your children and the ultimate object of an Institute is to inspire us all to do better work in better ways for these children.

Institute comes once a year only. Let your work stand for one week and turn out and fill the Court House to the walls. Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy State Superintendent, will make an address on Thursday afternoon which you want to hear. He is a very fine speaker. Thursday is Directors' Day. Every day is Citizens' Day.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Soldby Dr. J T. Davison.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure or Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J.Davison.

Something

To Interest You.

—o—

You are cordially invited to call and examine our new and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Notions, Coats and Wraps, and Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

In black Dress Goods we have a good assortment of Cashmeres, Silk Warp Henriettas and Serges, and in colored we have the latest styles in Plain, Plaid and Striped Goods at all prices.

In Ladies' Coats we have a splendid stock of the latest novelties in Cloth, Jersey and Plush in long and medium-length garments. Also a full line of Plush and Astrakhan Capes.

In Coats for children we have a good assortment of Plaids and Plain Beavers in the latest styles.

We would also call your special attention to a lot of desirable Coats left over from last season which we are closing out regardless of cost

Ladies' Long Coats in Cloth, in all sizes, which were sold at $12 we are selling at $6. Coats worth $6 to $8 we are selling at $2.50 to $3.50.

Ladies' Short Coats worth $3 to $5 are going at $1.50 to $2.50. Also Coats for misses and children, from 4 to 16 years of age, on which we are making the same reduction. $5 coats for $2.50; $3 coats for $1.50; $2 coats for $1.

Our business is steadily increasing and owing to a scarcity of room we have determined to make a clean sweep of this line of coats this winter, and as they have been widely advertised, it will be to your interest to call as early as possible before the best sizes are sold out.

MRS. R. E. JONES,
EBENSBURG, PA.

This is no scheme to catch trade. We have these goods just as represented.

EXECUTORSS' NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed executors of the estate of the late Robert L. Johnston, request all parties having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for payment, and those knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment thereof.

A. W. BUCK,
ROBT. SCANLAN,
Executors.

Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 14, 1890.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.

☞Office on Centre street, near High.

oct 3 1890 1y.

B. & B.

SEE SAMPLES
OF THESE
SPECIAL BLACK GOODS VALUES

before you buy a black dress. Samples cost you nothing, and will save you dollars.

46 inch (note the width) All Wool Black Cashmeres, 50c.—regular value, 75c.

46 inch All Wool Black Serge, 50c., very remarkable value.

59 inch Black French Serge, 75c.

42 inch All Wool Black Cheviottes, 50c.—worth 75c.

46 inch Black Silk Wrap Cashmeres at $1.00, $1.10, $1 25—the present market price on these qualities is $1 25, $1.50, $1.75, respectively.

Higher prices are talked of on all sides. We will be a little peculiar and adhere to old prices.

Catalogue and Samples free.
Superior mail order facilities.
Try us.
Satisfaction guaranteed, also lowest prices.

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.
Second Monday in December.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank	vs. Anna.
Fisher et al	vs. Hager et al.
Yhlan	vs. Williams et al.
Langenheim & Shephard	vs. Parish.
Rutledge & Miller	vs. Confer et al.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Gray	vs. Gray & Wyland.
King	vs. Cook et al.
Wyland	vs. Kinports.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Irvin	vs. Gill et al.
Irvin	vs. Kuturff et al.
Kline	vs. Elliott.
Miller	vs. Storm et al.
Anna	vs. Notley.
McGary & Son	vs. P. R. R. Co.
Gallagher	vs. Baker et al.
Same	vs. same.
Malchonson	vs. Loughry.
Wilson	vs. Myers et al.
Kunkle	vs. Fondeller et al.
Flick	vs. Adams.
Yost	vs. Diehl et al.
Klein	vs. Diehl et al.
McGawley	vs. Vaughn.

J. C. DAEBY, Prothy.

Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1890.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.
Third Monday in December, 1890.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank	vs. Anna.
Butterbaugh	vs. Cunningham et al.
Fisher et al	vs. Hager et al.
Grery	vs. Reade.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Parker	vs. Haywood.
Irvin	vs. Gill et al.
Irvin	vs. Kuturff et al.
Kline	vs. Elliott.
Miller	vs. McKay.
Carney	vs. Smith.
Sloan	vs. McMullen.
Use Wiley	vs. Humbert et al.
Murdock & Bro.	vs. McKelvy et al.
Glasgow	vs. Shoemaker.
Gray	vs. Wyland.
Farrell	vs. Weakland.
Donohoe (assignee)	vs. Buck.
Nagle	vs. Rhody.
Saupp	vs. Washington Twp.

J. C. DARBY, Prothy.

Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1890.

NOTICE OF INTENDEDED APPLICATION FOR CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county on the First day of December, A. D. 1890, under Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations, Approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto by Thomas Munroe, H. J. Newhard, Joseph M. Gunaflug, Michael Connelly, Andrew Yeackle, Elias Shafer, John A. Nickel, A. Padula, F. F. Pfoff and others, for the Charter of an intended Corporation to be called the "Friendship Hose Company," of Gallitzin, Pa., the charter and object of which is, "For the prevention, control and extinguishment of Fire, and of social intercourse among its members," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly, aforesaid, and its supplements.

ED. T. McNEELIS,
Solicitor.

Nov. 7, 1890.

FOR SALE.—In Cambria Township, within fifteen minutes walk of Post Office; a small property, beautifully situated and affording a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Contains five and a-half acres (5½) of fertile land, a fine orchard, lawn shaded with maples and catalpa trees. Four roomed house with summer kitchen, wood and coal house attached. Excellent cellar. Drilled well, never failing supply of pure, cold water. Good stable, three stalls and carriage shed. Excellent location for summer home, or fruit and truck farm. For terms call on or address.

MRS. A. R. READ,
Ebensburg, Pa.

HASTINGS HOTEL,
H. J. SCHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and headers. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Florian Bengele, Loretto borough, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Florian Bengele, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Executor.

Loretto, Pa., Oct. 15, 1890.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-18-90

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York an learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 30c.

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

HOW To FURNISH A HOUSE

COZY AND COMFORTABLE, STYLISH AND TASTEFUL, HANDSOME AND CHEAP.

This is a problem easily solved by those who buy their Furniture, etc., at Gus. Simon's. Whether you propose spending $50 or $500 in going to housekeeping, Simon can suit you, and save you money. We have a large assortment, with styles and prices to suit everybody. Read these few particulars:

FURNITURE.

Our Stock of parlor suits is the most elegant we ever had; yet our stock of Bedroom Suits is a veritable combination of economy, excellence and durability. Our stock of single Beds, Chairs, Cupboards and Bureaus cannot be excelled anywhere for style and finish, and the prices are the very lowest.

Our patronage is increasing and our sales are climbing up. These facts speak volumes in favor of our goods and prices.

CARPETS.

Our large new stock of Carpets just arrived, in the following goods: Moquettes, Tapestry and Brussels, Velvets, Miltons, Engrain, Oil Cloth, Rugs, etc., which we offer at very low prices. We take great pride in handling a nice stock of goods and stand here without opposition. Though the prices of all kinds of goods have advanced lately, the same low prices prevail here and will at all times.

Curtains & Window Shades.

Folding Beds, Blankets, Bedding, Odd Chairs, Sofas, Lounges, Sideboards, Cupboards, Wardrobes, Bed Lounges, Cabinets, Hat Racks, Hall Stands, Secretaries, Desks, Springs, Mattresses, Rockers, Stands, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Woodenware, Tinware, Silverware, Lamps, Cutlery, Mirrors, Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Oil Cloth, Carpets, Furs, Ladies' Coats, Ribbons, Haps, Silks, etc.

☞We carry the Largest Stock in Central Pennsylvania.

GUS. SIMON,
GALLITZIN'S LOW PRICE MERCHANT.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curbupon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.

Respectfully,
F. H. HITCHMAN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONMOUTH, La., May 3, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I priced very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours truly,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

oct10.90.1y.

THE SUN

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things and some people don't; but everybody likes to grab hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never weakening or wavering in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun.*

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

ALEXANDER F. MAY,
CATERER,

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms,
614 Penn Avenue, - PITTSBURG, PA.

☞Weddings, Parties, Luncheons, etc., supplied with every requisite, to any available point, by rail or other conveyance. Special and prompt attention given orders by mail or telephone.

August 22, 1890-3m.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A good chance to secure a paying situation for the dull winter months. Each salesman furnished with a complete outfit illustrating and describing New Fruits, etc., that sell readily. Salary and expenses from start. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries,
oct7 6t West Chester, Pa.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

mar.28-1y

OVERCOATS!

Clothing! :: Clothing!

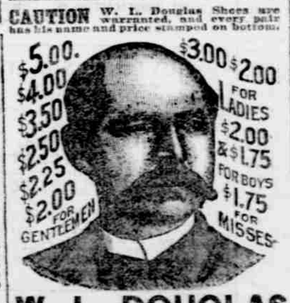
Having returned from the Eastern cities I am now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices in the county. As I buy and sell for cash, I can and will sell you Clothing at prices that defy competiti on. Never before have the people of Cambria had such an opportunity of buying first class goods at such low prices. Call soon and see my stock, learn prices and be convinced.

Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A.

nov5-99-1y

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blank.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS,
AGENT. oct17 1m

NOTICE TO PERSONS

DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired.

K. E. EVANS,
Burgess.

Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1

TURNED TO STONE.

A Strange Story from Claiborne County, Tennessee.

A Big Green Cloud Passes Over the Lick Skillet Country and Petrifies Hogs as Well as a Field of Corn—The Yarn of the Season.

The people in the eastern portion of Claiborne County, Tenn., are excited over a remarkable occurrence which took place there not long ago. It is one of the most marvelous occurrences ever heard of, and it will prove to be a problem over which scientific minds may wrestle for some time to come.

Edgar Ramsey is a farmer who lives five miles from Lick Skillet. He arrived in Middlesboro recently. The story he told would not find believers at first, but since then it has been proven that he has told nothing but the truth. His statement is thus reported by a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"Last Sunday afternoon I noticed what appeared to be a large green-looking cloud coming from a westerly direction toward my house. It was a long distance off, and the rain was falling heavily. Shortly afterward it became very cold, in fact so cold that I went in doors, lit a big fire and put on a big heavy coat. When I came out again the big green cloud was almost over the house, and the air was as cold as on a winter day. The wind howled and the hail fell in stones as big as eggs. All this lasted twenty minutes, and then the sky cleared up and I felt more like myself again.

"An hour after I was sitting with my wife near the fire when I heard a horse galloping at full speed, and when I went out to see who it was there stood Jake Warren, a neighbor farmer who lives about a mile and a quarter from me. He was as pale as a ghost and was trembling all over. It took him over ten minutes to commence to tell me what he had to say, and as he was talking I thought he was crazy.

"He stated that a big green cloud had come over his place, and that something which looked like balls of fire had fallen all around his house. He had five acres of corn growing in a field next to the house. After the storm had cleared away he went to see what damage had been done. He saw that some corn had been blown down, and, entering the field, he found every stalk turned to stone. There were two fine hogs in the field, and they, too, were petrified and standing there as if cut out of solid rock. Myself and wife thought the man was raving mad, but induced him to remain over till morning, when we promised to visit his place with him. That we did, and what we saw will be remembered so long as both live. There was the corn blown down, but every stalk of it was petrified. It was not as hard as granite, but it appeared to be more like soft stone. I took my knife and cut it, and it became powder. The cars were very hard, and they could not be broken with the hand. The leaves were brittle, and and if you struck them they would break like glass. The hogs were there, too, looking natural enough, but they were as hard as stone."

George E. Henry, of this city, John Rogers, Captain John B. Hull, ex-deputy marshal, and several others rode over the mountains into Tennessee to see for themselves if the things were really there as represented. Captain Hull, ex-United States deputy marshal, makes the following statement:

"We went over this morning. I doubted the story on starting, but thought I'd try it, anyhow. We found Warren's farm about seven miles from the Gap, and there, sure enough, was the corn-field completely petrified. The stalks were somewhat blown down, but they seemed completely turned to stone. The two hogs were there also, and they looked like they were carved out of rock. It was the strangest sight I ever saw and I can't begin to describe the thing. There were a number of men guarding the field with Winchester rifles and they wouldn't let us go into it. They only let us go to the fence. We could touch some of the corn stalks and could see the hogs, but the men refused positively to let us go any further than the fence. The women wouldn't say why they would not let people go into the field, but I presume they were afraid people would break the corn stalks to pieces. There was quite a crowd there looking at the thing, and every one was thoroughly dumfounded with what they saw."

This statement is vouched for by a number of others, and naturally there is considerable excitement.

FIDDLED HIS WAY.

How a Census Agent Obtained Some Valuable Information.

The following, says the Washington Star, is an extract from a letter received from a special agent of the United States census detailed to get data for the fish and fisheries of South Carolina:

"I must tell you how I worked B——. I got there late on Friday evening and found everybody mum as an oyster. I was in despair until at last I heard a man playing a fiddle in one of the stores. I went in at once, and after loafing around awhile asked to see the fiddle. When I got it I drew the bow over the strings, said it was a good one and handed it back; but they saw I could play and insisted I should try, so I took off my coat and sailed in. From that moment my stock went up. In an hour I had half the folks in town in the store, the proprietor was doing a rushing business and so was I. I finally put down the fiddle and addressed the crowd, told them my business and said that though I was willing to play for them I must attend to my work first, and invited all who were engaged in fishing to walk up and sign the pledge. Nothing was too good for me. They wanted to fill me up on beer, and I had more cigars than I could smoke. They refused to let me set 'em up a single time, and when I wanted to leave town they begged me to stay, or, if I would go, to come back and locate. They hunted up all the men I wanted and brought them to me or took me to them in a buggy. I was treated like a prince. One poor devil (colored) refused to answer my questions, and one of my enthusiastic assistants cracked him on the head with a beer bottle so that he had to be carried from the field in a disabled condition.

"Well, I had a time, but I got everybody there was to get."

Bessie Criswell's Heroism.

An extraordinary case of heroism is narrated in the Philadelphia Press. Bessie Criswell, aged fourteen, living three miles from Dauphin, was about to prepare supper last Wednesday when she found the fire in the cook stove very low. She poured coal oil on the kindling wood. It ignited, the can exploded and the burning oil set fire to her clothing and to the house. The girl ran to the spring-house twice while her clothes were blazing, secured a pail of water each time and put out the fire in the house. A third time she went to the spring and dipped her head and neck in the water. Then she ran to a small stream and threw herself in. Having extinguished the flames, she went to her mother, who was milking, and reported the matter. She was fatally burned, however, and died the next day. She sacrificed herself to save her home.

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What a Comfort!

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and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

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April 25th, '90-1y.

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KEMMLER'S BURIAL.

Gruesome Midnight Scene in the Convict Grave-Yard at Auburn.

That portion of Fort Hill Cemetery in Auburn which faces the poorest and most desolate part of the city is known as the "convicts' burying ground," says the New York Sun. Nothing divides it from the costly tombs and towering headstones of marble that mark the space devoted to the righteous dead save a line of ragged, sickly grass that tells where the lawn-mowers stop. The entrance to the God's Acre of the convict dead is on a side street, and is guarded by a pretty cottage in which lives a grave-digger and his wife.

The mystery attending the burial of William Kemmler was only second to the mystery surrounding the preparations for his death. It will be remembered that he was tortured to death by electricity early on the morning of August 6, and that a few hours later the knives of the surgeons were busy cutting the body to pieces. There was some doubt concerning the section of law relating to the burial of the body, and when the watchers about the prison on the night following the execution saw no sign of any funeral it was generally believed that the body had been covered with quick-lime and buried beneath one of the flagstones of the prison yard. Late in the afternoon of the next day the grave-digger in charge of the convict burying ground received orders to have a grave ready for a body at ten o'clock that night. The grave was dug, and when ten o'clock came without bringing the expected body, the grave digger turned the light down low in the sitting-room of his cottage and went to sleep in his working clothes. His wife lay on a bed in front of a window keeping watch on the street, so that she might wake her husband when the body arrived.

Meantime men in charge of what was left of the dead murderer's body had placed it in an express wagon at 9:30 o'clock, and had driven out of the prison gate. There was a knot of men on the sidewalk who immediately showed signs of excitement when the wagon appeared. It was instantly decided that these men were reporters, and the driver of the wagon, in accordance evidently with the orders of Warden Durston to elude the newspaper men, drove around the block and then back into the prison yard. No other attempt was made to dispose of the body until eleven o'clock, when the express wagon again came rattling out, but again there were men on the sidewalk who seemed interested in its movements, and once again the wagon was driven back into the yard, and the big gates closed on it. No other effort was made to bury the body until midnight, when the wagon came dashing out as though the driver was bound to get rid of his burden at all hazards. He drove rapidly up the street, the wagon swaying to and fro and rattling horribly. The grave digger led the way into the gloomy cemetery by the dim light of a lantern. Arriving at the grave he set the lantern at one end of it, and seizing the remains of the murderer pulled them out of the wagon. It didn't take long to fill up the grave, for the only object to accomplish was to get the body out of sight and stamp the dirt on it.

CALIFORNIA CUBS.

How a Couple of Them Were Stolen from Their Mother's Side.

Away up in the mountains in the northern part of Del Norte County the predatory visits of a large black bear to the hog ranches elicited about as much squealing among the owners of the land as they did from the kidnapped pigs. While the trouble was almost unbearable, David Tucker, a commission merchant of this city, traveled into those parts, says the San Francisco Call. He had with him a Winchester repeating rifle that carried a ball especially adapted for destruction of life in large black bears, and he organized a party to hunt the hog-thief to death.

Joseph Morrison and Edward Murray, a plucky shepherd dog, and a German deer-hound followed Tucker up the deep canyon for about nine miles one day, and only stopped to rest when they had reached a dense forest of tall trees, where the ground was covered with a thick undergrowth. Dave concluded that the bear was behind the scenes, and sent the dogs in to reconnoiter. In a few minutes the collie came out like a rocket and yelped for sympathy, as it showed a badly torn hip by the claw of the disturbed animal. Another minute had not gone by ere the deer-hound emerged with precipitation, and only stopped to join company with its allies.

The bear followed the dogs with a mad haste, growling ferociously over their temerity in invading her home, for it was a female bear; but the growling was changed to fierce grunts as she caught sight of the hunters. Bruin raised on her hind legs and bore down upon her assailants with motions of the forepaws that challenged a fight to the finish. Dave fired a ball into her breast, near the shoulder, but without causing the brute to even wink. He pumped another cartridge from the magazine and sent it tearing through the anatomy of the monster with as little effect as its predecessor. Then he commenced to retreat cautiously, while he worked another cartridge into place, and this time made the bullet plow into the bear's groin.

The bear was then within forty feet of him, and commenced to assume the proportions of a mountain to his widening eyes. Joe and Ed were on either side of the battle-ground and handicapped by some bushes. At the doubtful moment Ed sighted the head of the animal and immediately emptied two big loads of buckshot from his double-barreled shot-gun, tearing away the side of her head and toppling the animal over in a hurry. The boys saw that the bear had been suckling her young, so they waited a few minutes until her two cubs came out from the thicket in quest of the mother.

It was only the work of a few minutes to lariat the youngsters, and then they dragged their game to the ranch. The bear was very fat, and weighed 900 pounds when dressed. The cubs were about two weeks old when caught, and were kept for three months on bread and milk. They are docile, plump, and a curiosity to many visitors. Mr. Tucker has a standing offer of $150 for them from the Native Sons of the Golden West, but $300 will have to come out of the funds of that organization if the cubs will form a feature in the parade on admission day.

Cure for Writer's Cramp.

John Brown, stenographer, tells the Globe-Democrat: "People often ask me when I sit down to do a long job of short-hand why I lay before me so many pencils of different sizes. My reason for it is that by picking up pencils of different sizes, and consequently weights, I am enabled to rest my hands while continuing to work. Each different pencil brings into active play different muscles, and I never suffer from cramps, as might be the case if I used but one size pencil. A horse going over an ordinary turnpike, up hill and down, will be in better condition at the end of a day than a horse which has traveled the same number of miles on a race track."

Queer Canine Mania.

There is a dog in Philadelphia that has a mania for tearing of door-knobs and plates and wrecking the woodwork of the doors generally.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorates the digestive system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and [illegible] LANE, Pittston, N. Y.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

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Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1889-90 has left the nerves *all flagged out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and kidneys regulated. [illegible]

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"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the [illegible] and was tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken one week I felt very much better. I [illegible] it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

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It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 60 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or taint. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the whole is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, in the ground below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood to contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a bucket of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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I took Sick.
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RESULT:

I take My Meals,
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AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too. FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

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AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

HERE'S A FINE POINT.

Can a Clergyman Marry Himself and Thus Save the Fee?

"There are some curious things in the law books," said a gray-bearded lawyer to a Memphis Commercial reporter as they came down the court-house steps. "It is settled law that a clergyman may perform the ceremony at his own marriage when none is present but himself and his bride, and upon the most solemn judgment fixing the legitimacy of the offspring and the descent of the estate.

"Rev. Samuel Swayne Beamish was clergyman of the united churches of England and Ireland, and on the 27th day of November, 1832, he went to the house of Anne Lyons, in the city of Cork, and there performed the ceremony of marriage between himself and Isabella Frazer, using the form of the Book of Common Prayer, but adapting the words to the unique condition of the affair, and using also the wedding ring. They supposed that they were having the wedding all to themselves, but Catherine Coffee was the 'Peeping Tom' of the occasion and saw the performance of the ceremony from an adjoining yard, but did not hear the words. The marriage was pronounced valid as one performed by a minister in holy orders in the presence of witnesses, although it was irregular and clandestine."

"Would such a marriage be valid in Tennessee?"

"Don't know," said the lawyer, cautiously, "but why should it not be if be first procure a license? The statute says no formula need be observed except a declaration in the presence of the minister or officer that they accept each other as man and wife, and all ministers of the Gospel may solemnize the rite of matrimony."

"Could a justice of the peace marry himself, also?"

"Certainly, and all the judges and chancellors; they all have this advantage over us common folks, and it would be a mere matter of economy to do it."

"Have you any case in court or are you about to bring a case on this point?"

"Ah, my friend, don't ask too much. Wait and see."

"Will you notify me and give me a scoop?"

"Yes, if I bring the suit."

Certainly.

Unsophisticated Texan—Hadn't I better shoot that young assassin with the new-fangled gun? He's been sneaking up on that feller an' his gal for the last fifteen minutes—a Texas jury wouldn't find no fault, you bet.

Jack Summerville—He ain't an assassin, Billy. He's an amateur-photographfiend. But you might as well shoot—I guess an Eastern jury won't find much fault, either.—The Jury.

THE PINKERTON FORCE.

A Mercenary Army Not Always Composed of the Best Men.

How It Is Organized and Its System of Discipline — Its Members Cordially Hated by the Regular Police and All Labor Organizations.

The Pinkerton force, says the New York Journal, owes its existence to the energy and shrewdness of Allan Pinkerton. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1819, and in 1842 he arrived at Quebec after a stormy voyage. He found his way to Chicago and opened a cooper shop. When in search of materials for his work he discovered a gang of counterfeiters on an island in the Fox river. He succeeded in breaking up the gang, and displayed so much skill and nerve that he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Cook County.

While holding this position he conceived the idea of creating a detective organization free from political influences. Associated with a lawyer named Edward L. Rucker, in 1852 Pinkerton started the agency which now has offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Denver.

The greatest achievement of Allan Pinkerton was the discovery of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln while on his way to Washington to be inaugurated and the frustration of it. Pinkerton organized the secret-service division during the war of the rebellion. His other detective feats consisted of the arrest of innumerable law-breakers and the restoration of millions of dollars to the owners.

He died at Chicago on July 1, 1884. He left a widow and three children, of eight born to him. Of these the eldest son, William A., is now in charge of the Western division of the detective agency, and his other son, Robert A., is general superintendent and has immediate charge of the Eastern offices.

Since the death of the elder Pinkerton the organization has increased in strength and efficiency until at the present time it is recognized as the great private resource by large corporations for the protection of lives and property in times of stress and storm.

About 500 detectives, both men and women, are continuously employed at stated salaries varying from $3 per day to $3,000 per year. There are nearly 100 detectives employed by the New York office alone.

The chief business of the agency is with banks and express companies. The methods of the concern are hidden under a vail of the closest secrecy, and information with regard to the details of the work is kept inviolate.

As an organization, however, which is closely allied with lawlessness of every kind, the Pinkerton Detective Agency has been the subject of a good deal of harsh criticism. It is cordially hated by most of the labor organizations. Whether this opposition is justifiable is wholly a matter of opinion. In the excitement of a great strike, such as the one recently in force on the New York Central road, a man is often killed by the Pinkerton officers.

But these fatalities are more than offset by the deaths in the ranks of the detectives themselves, as was shown in the fight with the James boys. While engaged in the pursuit of these desperate men in Missouri the Pinkertons lost five men in one year.

Of course there are not always on hand in the various offices a sufficient number of men to supply an extraordinary demand such as has occurred during the past two weeks. To meet such demands lists of selected men are kept, and when necessity demands these men are sent for.

As a rule these deputies are not in uniform, because of the enormous expense involved. Neither have they any legal right to carry arms, although they often do so. The Pinkerton men, as a rule, have no more authority to make an arrest than a private citizen. When employed in large numbers, as they have been on the New York Central road, the agency is paid at the rate of $8 per day for each man, of which the detective receives $4.

They are required to make a written report every evening of every thing done during the day, and the conversation overheard down to the smallest detail, together with every item of expense incurred in the prosecution of the work. They are kept continually advised from the home office as to what their movements shall be.

The position of a Pinkerton detective is not an enviable one. They are cordially hated by the regular police and consequently never reveal their identity unless forced to do so.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut.

A Thrilling Struggle with Death in the Air—The Balloon Caught by the Wind and Tossed Hither and Thither—A Peasant's Sorry End.

The German aeronaut Wolfe had had a most terrible experience in a trip in a balloon from the ground of the Cologne Exhibition of the late War, says the New York Sun. The company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Dependheuer began in the balloon Stollwerk at one o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon rose one mile almost straight into the thick of a storm. Wolfe, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with great rapidity. I finally discovered a clearing on a steep mountain side, prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried to the underneath to help us land. I threw out the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Dependheuer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on to my knees in the car. I jump up to find all things whirling down, down below me, and the men clinging helplessly to the sides of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! His strength is gone; he must go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffled thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens, but I rally and see my friend Schmitz, who still clings to the car's side. Already the earth is sinking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to pull Schmitz into the car but he is standing far down from the edge that I can only grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all escape seems impossible. Slowly and painfully I raise him inch by inch, set my teeth in the back of his hands and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm-line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed. In fastening the rope under his arms and in tying him so to the car there is no safety in the device, however, as were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body would relax and he would slip away. I call to him to throw out your arms! Spread out your arms! I hear his body move in response to my admonition, but his voice is lost to me.

"All this has occupied twenty minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping upward. Every moment now depends on our making a safe landing. I draw open the valve and begin falling. We plunge into a storm. The balloon splits around in circles, and sways about like a drunken man. Rain, hail, thunder and lightning sweep over us. The balloon rends so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"'Peter! Peter!' I call to him, 'Hold fast! Only hold fast!'

"No response, for he can not hear. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has swung back again, down the side of the car. I can see only his finger tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right wrist with my left hand and with my right hand and teeth I open at the valve.

"'I can not hold out longer,' comes in a weak voice from Schmitz. 'I am slipping away.'

"'One minute, only a minute more,' I cry back, 'and we will be there.'

"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more viol